

The Paducah Sun.

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INCORPORATED

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November, 1907.

1. 3863 16. 3832

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3. 3839 18. 3795

4. 3846 19. 3791

5. 3867 20. 3795

6. 3865 21. 3804

7. 3870 22. 3801

8. 3878 23. 3790

9. 3867 24. 3794

10. 3854 25. 3790

11. 3848 26. 3791

12. 3845 27. 3801

13. 3832 28. 3806

Total 102,049

Average, November, 1906, . . . 3,957

Average, November, 1907, . . . 3,925

Decrease 32

Personally appeared before me,

this December 3rd, 1907, R. D. Mac-

Millen, business manager of The Sun,

who affirms that the above state-

ment of the circulation of The Sun

for the month of November, 1907,

is true to the best of his knowledge

and belief.

PETER PURYEAR, Notary Public.

My commission expires January 22

1908.

Daily Thought.

Good will to man is the best kind

of gratitude to God.

Kansas City might go after the

Democratic national committee. She

can get that for \$75,000, which

would leave her \$25,000 for Christ-

mas.

There is no reason why the govern-

ment should not adopt the Roose-

velt-Bryan program of putting up

for national conventions, if it would drop

the expensive exposition habit.

THE NIGHT RIDERS.

We hopefully believe that cowardly

things of Trigg and Caldwell coun-

ties made a fatal mistake when they

invaded Christian county. The peo-

ple of Christian county are law-abid-

ing and peaceable, and they naturally

resent the blot on the fair name of

their county and community inflicted

by a mob, that found courage in

numbers and masks. We believe,

that, if those men are arraigned in

a Christian county court, they will

have a fair trial and their just de-

serts. Nobody, but the defendants

themselves, could ask more than that.

We have confidence in Governor-

elect Willson, and we anticipate an

exhibition of executive potency, that

will reassure the respectable in-

habitants of the counties infested

with night riders, and secure justice

in the dark tobacco district. More

than that, we feel that the over-

whelming sentiment in the hearts of

a vast majority of Trigg, Caldwell

and Christian county citizens is

against the night riders, and that

when these people find that the state

administration is on the side of law

and order, and not shielding the mid-

night assassins from justice, they

will allow that sentiment to rule

the cowardly hoodlums, who burned

the warehouses in Hopkinsville and

shot into the residences of sleeping

citizens, are not of the character and

quality to perpetuate any organiza-

tion.

We do not hold the Dark Tobacco

Growers' association responsible for

that outrage; but the organization

must bear the stigma and suffer the

consequences, if, as an organization,

it does not rid itself of this lawless

element and see that they are brought

to justice.

A GOOD SIGN.

It is a good sign, when Saturday

in the excitement of writing up the

events of the day, the Hopkinsville

New Era was able to produce on the

front page the following editorial:

"Another night of crime, shame

and humiliation has come to western

Kentucky. A center of education has

felt the hand of brutal ignorance at

its throat; the land of chivalry has

permitted the terrorizing of aged and

infirm women in their own homes

and bed-chambers, and this in a time

of peace. One of the most orderly

cities hitherto, of its size, perhaps in

the south or elsewhere, has been in-

vested by a mob from without; and

the neighborly principles of the re-

ligion of Christ have been violated in

a home of great churches, and liter-

ally at their doors. Strong men look

at one another dumbly but with deep

questioning in their gaze. The eyes

of such seem to ask, 'Is this the town

of our love and pride?' Tears for

the severely wounded peace and

honor of our section are on many

cheeks, and they are amply justified

by the events of last night."

WE'RE GROWING.

This country is growing like a

fourteen-year-old boy. We ought to

build for decades ahead, but they

have never made patterns that be-

lieve everything we have cut out to measure

ment is too small by the time we

put it on. New York's big subway,

designed to relieve the congestion of

surface traffic, was found just suffi-

cient to take care of the increase in

traffic between the time of the incep-

tion of the project and its comple-

tion, and the surface cars are just as

crowded as ever. We have been talk-

ing about internal waterways im-

provement, and only the river towns

have been interested, while we had

supposed the railroads were fighting

it. Now we learn from Martin A.

Knapp, chairman of the interstate

commerce commission, that the im-

provement of the waterways is need-

ed to take care of freight the rail-

roads can not now, and never can

handle. He says it is not a question

of rolling stock, but of terminal fa-

cilities in the cities. It would cost

billions of dollars to acquire all the

terminal railroads require to handle

their business, and then the conges-

tion and inconveniences of it all, if

completed, cause railroads to prefer

present conditions.

Unless our rivers are developed to

their full carrying capacity the year

around, commerce must stagnate and

the whole industrial system of the

country retrograde. This is a great

country; greater than we realize. To

a man in Mars, it must seem that we

make lots of mistakes, and overlook

lots of chances. Still we are growing,

in capacity as well as bulk. We'll

be a great boy, bye and bye.

In a clever cartoon in the New

York World, showing the guests ar-

BLINDFOLDED

A Mystery Story
of San Francisco

BY
EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

(Copyright 1906, the House-Merrill Co.)

(Continued from last issue.)

"Yes," I said. "I must go."

"Oh," she wailed; "you may be

killed. You may never come back."

"Nonsense," said I. "In broad day-

light, at the Palace Hotel? I'm much

more likely to be killed before I get

home to-night."

Her earnestness impressed me, but

my resolution was not shaken. Mother

Borton rested her head on the table

in despair at my obstinacy.

"Well, if you will, you will," she

said at last; "and an old woman's

warnings are nothing to you. But if

you will put your head in the trap I'll

do my best to make it safe after you

get it there. You just sit still, honey."

And she took the candle and went

to a corner, where she seated herself

at a stand.

Mother Borton appeared to have

some difficulty in arranging her words

to her liking. She seemed to be writ-

ing, but the pen did not flow smoothly.

At last she was done, and sealing her

work in an envelope she brought the

flickering light once more to the table.

"Take that," she said, thrusting the

envelope into my hand. "If you find

a one-eyed man when you get into

trouble give him that letter I've writ-

ten, and it may do ye some good. It's

the best I can do for ye. You'd better

go now and get some sleep. You may

need it."

I thanked Mother Borton and

pressed her hand, and she held the

candle as I tiptoed down the stairs,

joining my waiting guards and went

out into the night.

"Where are Barkhouse and Phil-

lips?" I asked, as we turned our faces

toward the west.

Porter gave a low whistle, and as

this failed to bring an answer, fol-

lowed it with one louder and more pro-

longed. We listened, but no response

came.

"We'd better get out of here," said

Wilson. "There's no telling what may

happen when they hear that whistle."

"Hist! What's that?" said Porter,

drawing me back into a doorway.

There were running steps on the

block above us, and I thought a shad-

ow darted from one side of the street

to the other.

"There seem to be friends waiting

for us," said I. "Just get a good grip

of your clubs, boys, and keep your

revolvers handy in case they think

they have a call to stop us."

"Hold on," said Porter. "There's a

gang of 'em there. I see a dozen of

'em, and if we're the ones they're after

we had better cut for it."

"I believe you are right," said I,

peering into the darkness. I could see

a confused mass, but whether of men

or boxes I could only guess.

"We'll go up there, and you can cut

around the other way," said Porter.

"There's no need for you to risk it."

"There's no need for any one to risk

it. We'll cut together."

"This way then," said Wilson. "I

know this part of town better than

you do. Run on your toes." And he

darted past Borton's and plunged into

an alley that led toward the north.

Porter and I followed as quietly as

possible through the dark and noisome

cut-off to Pacific street. Wilson turned

toward the bay, and crossing the

street at the next corner followed the

And a little later we were in sight

of the house of mystery which fronted,

